I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shaking out that which you haue pild from me :
Which of you tremble not that looke on me ?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects.
Yet that by you disposd, you quake like rebels :
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Qu. Mar. But repitition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe :
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence :
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didst Crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drew riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland* :
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
Qu. So iust is God to rite the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,
Dorf. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.
Buc. *Northumberland* then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What ? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now on me ?
Did *Yorkes* dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat ?
Can curses pearce the Clouds, and enter heauen ;
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quicke curses :
If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward

Edward my sonne, which
For *Edward* my sonne, whi
Died in his youth by like u
Thy selfe a Queene, for me
Out-liue thy glory, like m
Long mayst thou liue to w
And see another, as I see th
Deckt in thy glory, as thou
Long dye thy happy daye
And after many lengthned
Dye neyther mother, wife,
Riuers and *Dorset*, you wer
And so wast thou Lord *Ha*
Was stabd with bloody da
That none of you, may liu
But by some vnlookt accide
Glo. Haue done thy char
Q. Mar. And leaue out th
If heauen haue any grieuo
Exceeding those that I can
O let them keepe it till thy
And then hurle downe the
On thee the troubler of the
The worme of conscience
Thy friends suspect for tray
And take deepe traytors fo
No sleepe close vp the dead
Vnlesse it be whilst some to
Affrights thee with a hell
Thou eluish markt, aborti
Thou that wast seald in thy
The slaue of nature, and th
Thou slander of thy mothe
Thou loathed issue of thy f
Thou rag of honour, thou
Glo. Margret.
Q. Mar. Richard.
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. Then cry thee mercy

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